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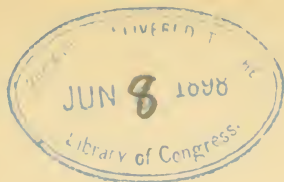
IRLAND



WINDFALLS

BY

EDWIN T. REED



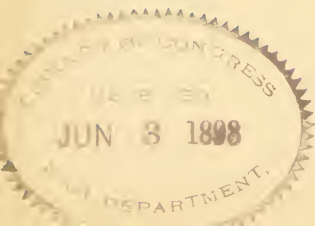
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INLAND WINDFALLS

INLAND WINDFALLS

BY

✓
EDWIN T. REED



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1898.



CHICAGO & NEW YORK
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY

[1898]

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To
My Grandmother
Mrs. Margaret Claggett

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THE PIONEER.

The pioneer, he comes and goes
To view his glimmering garden close;
From bloomy bowers at evenfall
He hears the plaintive thrushes call;
He touches lightly, where he stands,
The things he builded with his hands;
His lonely night is drawing near
But moves him not, the pioneer.

At purple dusk he sinks to rest
By all his dearest labors blest—
The garden-ground wherein the rose
Beside the leafy arbor blows,
The cheerful lane he lingered in
To hear the sylvan city's din,
The willowed walks, the weeping wier—
He wrought them all, the pioneer.

With bursting heart 'twas his to breast
The storms that swept the mountain's crest,
'Twas his the wilding wood to claim
And his the spicy sod to tame;

He checked the crowding waterfall
And smote the scented cedars tall—
From throbbing plain and peopled pier
He called the host, the pioneer.

The pioneer!—he goes before,
The secret places to explore.
At times, within his searching soul,
The bells of El Dorado roll;
He sees with hope the hidden lea,
The fields of far futurity—
O ye who falter, ye who fear,
He yearns for you, the pioneer.



THE DEBUTANTE.

Eyes that linger, lips that smile,
Feet that, trembling, pause awhile;
Hand as frank and fair, I trow,
As the fairest flow'rs that blow,
Hair all tossed and trimmed askant—
Look you, 'tis the debutante.

Lightsome eke and fair she is,
And sweeter far than primroses,
And like a drift of apple-bloom
She wafts across the airy room;
And be she bold or be she shy,
Admired she is of every eye.

Tremulous, indeed, her flight,
As the startled lark's at night
When strange lanterns leap and nod
Round about her on the sod;
Walls and waltzers look and pause
In the debutante's applause.

Yesterday her heart and head,
Each unto the other wed,
Led her, romping, wholly fain,
Up and down the orchard lane;
But tonight her head, apart,
Holds the tether to her heart.

Yesterday—mayhap her joys
Were of mimicry and toys;
Now her laughter leaps and falls
In the lofty peopled halls;
And her eyes, compliant, see
Life's effulgent mystery.

O elusive yesterday,
Innocent and glad and gay,
O tomorrow, you that bring
Life and love and songs to sing—
Turn your heads, behold the rose,
Only once she comes and goes.



THE TUNING.

For pride in the inland prairies,
For love of my inland home,
For joy in the dwindling twilights
And the deep blue inland dome,
I call my heart to the tuning,
I touch the cymbals and gong,
And lovingly and with favor
I finger the stops of song.

With favor to windy woodlands,
To the hollows hung with green,
To the rush of the April freshet
In the water-worn ravine;
To the lonely stretch of cedars
And the rolling length of lea,
To the bluffs, and the burdened rivers
That crawl to the calling sea.

For bursts of a wilding music
Are hidden deep in the dells
Where the swift St. Croix thunders
And the Flambeau feeds its wells,
Or where, from the Dayton hilltops,
As the Bridal Veil lets fall
Her jeweled mists in the moonlight,
The choir-like anthems call.

And songs of a great migration,
And the champing chant of trade
Are blown from the blazing foundry tops
And the groaning freight on the grade—
From the wharves of the white lake steamers
That traffic trip by trip,
From the booming logs in the inlet
And the whalebacks in the slip.

For a deep toned Occidental
Who sings in the ancient east
A prophecy for the fighting men,
From the greatest down to the least;
He bids me up and be doing
To sing of the things at hand—
Of the timber camps in the clearing
Or the gorges far inland.

And so for the joy of praising,
And so for the love I bear,
And not by the crowning right of skill
Or the saving grace of care,
I call my heart to the tuning,
I touch the cymbals and gong,
And lovingly and with favor
I finger the stops of song.

CAROLINE.

When she looks with lifted eyes
Coolly over mine—
Ho! but she's my lofty prize,
Lady Caroline!

When we walk at evenfall
Blithely on the green,
How she laughs and loves it all—
This is Caroline.

When she passes in the throng
Haughty-lipped and fine,
Like a sweet, forgotten song
Goeth Caroline.

But when the season's not amiss—
None but I have seen
How she coyly takes a kiss—
Cosey Caroline.

Which of her is truly mine
Matters not, I ween—
I was caught by Caroline
Kissing Caroline!

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

All through the length of the city street,
Down by the wharf where the breakers beat,
Down in the alley's dumb distress,
Or out on the ocean's wilderness,
Wherever the human voice is heard,
Wherever the foot or hand is stirred—
All in the night of dark and dread,
With only half of the prayers said,
With never a hint or a warning shout,
Softly and surely the lights go out.

The lights go out, and a solemn stress
Comes stealing over our weariness,
As lonely torches through the rain
Throw ghostly glances on the pane;
And loath to look and filled with fright
We peer out into the stormy night,
Watching the faint and fitful glare
Of the few and solemn lanterns there;
Till hither and thither and round about,
All in a flurry, the lights go out.

And oh! how many, near and far,
These dim and lifeless lanterns are,
And oh! how mournfully they swing
From creaking hook and rusty ring,

Along the street, before the stalls,
Or in the gaunt and ghostly halls,
Where once their warmest glow was cast
Over the pageant of the past;
Till all in the midst of the merry rout,
With never a quiver, the lights went out.

And how shall the lights that still remain
Encounter the wrath of wind and rain?
How shall they meet the hurtling blast
That whips them into the dark at last?
Shall it be with a flame serenely fair,
With signs of panic or despair,
As out of the deep and hollow sky
The breath of eternity comes by?
For lo! with a leap of joy or doubt,
From cot to castle, the lights go out.



IN CLOVER.

A little maid in clover walked,
And from her fragrant pathway talked
To birds and butterflies that sped
Quite unafraid above her head.

The ardent sun her brow assailed,
Her truant hat behind her trailed;
And as they bent beneath the breeze
The purple blossoms brushed her knees.

And all the warblers in the wild
Were blithely singing to the child,
Who flung them, as she passed along,
A peal of laughter for their song.

And golden humming birds that flew
Amongst the blossoms in the dew,
Would poise themselves in air and pause
To beat their wings in mute applause.

And O unconscious little maid,
Now running barefoot in the glade,
May neither bramble-bush nor thorn
E'er bring your innocence to scorn.

But when your hair shall browner grow,
And all in stately gowns you go,
Oh, may you enter Aiden's door
And live in clover evermore.

THE INLAND CITY.

The inland city, sweet and hale
She sits, majestic, in the vale,
The morning mists about her blown,
Like silken tresses round her strown;
Serene she sits, upon her spires
The glint of dawn's empurpled fires,
And from her wind-resounding walls
The lyric breath of waterfalls.

The inland city, down the lanes
At evening wind the orchard wains;
She greets the seasons one by one,
She plumes her splendors in the sun;
Through leafy vistas of her squares
The painted host of Autumn fares
Or wends her gardens, where to muse
In dew-bejeweled avenues.

The inland city, all the day
The swallows round her steeples play;
In deepest calm she croons and waits
On future eons meditates;
The eyes of others range the past,
On far tomorrow hers are cast;
She heeds nor siren's song nor scorn,
She mounts triumphant toward the morn.

The inland city, lo, she dreams
Mid sylvan solitudes and streams,
She smiles, and sings her serenades
She trusts her ancient palisades;
Her hearth is great and wide and warm,
She shields her children from the storm;
O child of grace, beyond the foam,
O child a-wait, she calls you home!



'WARE ALL!

Of Cymbra's eyes and Cymbra's sighs
Ye passing heart be wary—
An idle day and then—for aye
A prisoner you tarry;
And O to you whose hearts are new,
Ye winsome, trusting lassies,
I bid you look upon your book
When saucy Cymbra passes.

For Cymbra's lips and finger tips
Are fit for all caresses,
And Cymbra's hair is very fair
And brighter far than Bessie's,
And oh! her call is sweet withal,
As is the quail's in barley;
But she'd no right, the laughing sprite,
To steal the heart o' Charlie.

For Charlie walked, and aye he talked,
As free as swung the willow;
But now his breast is sore distressed
And sleepless is his pillow;
For Cymbra's laugh was like the staff
Of bugles blowing parley,
And gin she threw a laugh or two
She had the heart o' Charlie.

THE KINGFISHER.

Bird upon the gaunt dead bough,
Monarch of the moor art thou,
Greedy, gross and chattering,
Sportsman never, though a king!

Poised and motionless, a flash
Brings thee to the brook, and plash—
Out again, a golden streak,
Luck and laughter in thy beak.

Then away upon the wing
To thy graceless gluttoning
In thy dark and hollow halls
Tunneled in the somber walls.

Grave of face and gay of air,
Thou art neither here nor there,
Half a hermit, half a clown,
Be thy crest a cowl or crown.

Yet, recluse upon the pine,
Treasures of three worlds are thine—
World of water, world of air,
And of the crags and crotches bare.

While thou sittest calm and dumb,
What conceits of mind must come:

What of sorrow, what of sin,
O thou wildwood harlequin!

Dost thou, monk, oh never long
For fine fellowship and song?
Dost thou—laugh then, laugh on, if
Thou but sway the solemn cliff!

Bird upon the gaunt dead bough,
Monarch still, if monk, art thou,
Greedy, gross and chattering,
Sportsman never, though a king!



PINK AND DODE.

Dode and Pink and Pink and Dode,
Hail them on the distant road,
Far from tidings, far from town,
Making merry up and down.

All unconsciously they went,
Maids of mirth and merriment,
Rosy Pink and dimpling Dode,
Round about the quaint abode
Where the woods were wont to sway
In the fifties far away,
And where—past across the hill
Ran the road to Centerville.

Oh, the endless dallying
Down the corridors of spring,
Oh, the forests deep and damp
Twixt the crib and sugar-camp,
Oh, the fairy faces seen
In the winding, wet ravine,
And the drip of every spout
Making music round about!

When across the greener knolls
June had set her sweet patrols,
How would daring Dode and Pink
Catch her sly and saucy wink,

Catch her wink and whirl away
Through the mounds of meadow hay
Truant-wise to romp and roam
Till the bells should bring them home.

In the pews of Sabbath day
What a sunny sight were they,
Primly fashioned little pets
All in frills and pantalets;
How their voices rose and fell
Through the tunes ethereal,
How their eyes and faces shone
With a light not all their own!

Dode and Pink and Pink and Dode,
Gayly then they took the road—
In the fifties far away,
Making merry, day by day!



A DAY.

A rosy flushing in the east,
A herald lark, a song, at least,
A little mist along the lawn,
A gush of light—and lo, the dawn!

A bluer sky, a twinge of toil,
The wheat and lilies in the soil;
A whiff of life, a romp in June,
A little laugh, and it is noon.

A waning glimmer in the west,
A whip-poor-will, a thought of rest;
A smile, to bear us parting light,
A kiss, my dear, and then—the night!



IF SKIES WERE AUGHT BUT BLUE.

My dear, if all the skies were white
And all the grass were gray,
How very dim would seem the night,
How dull would be the day;
No azure vault would mirror then
The hue of ocean's tide,
Or pillow on its breast again
The sun in golden pride:
A faded mantle would o'erspread
The heavens and the land,
The stars would be to beauty dead,
A pale and ghostly band.

Then what should we poor mortals do,
And what would nature mean
If skies in hue were aught but blue,
If grass were aught but green!

My dear, if all the skies were black
And all the grass were brown,
How much of brightness we should lack
And how the world would frown;
A sable shadow would entomb
The pageantry of earth,
And o'er the ghostly verge of gloom
Would flit the elves of mirth;

The sun and moon would sink to sleep
With faces faint and wan,
And pallid rays at morn would creep
To hail the murky dawn.

For what should we poor mortals do,
And what would nature mean
If skies in hue were aught but blue,
If grass were aught but green!

My dear, if all the skies were red
And all the grass were gold,
How much of beauty would have fled
From all that we behold;
The purple dawn and ruddy eve
No more would tint the hills,
And starry night could ne'er achieve
A balm for human ills;
The fields would wave in crimson gleams,
And crimson toss the trees,
And crimson run the rimpled streams
Down to the crimson seas.

Then what should we poor mortals do,
And what would nature mean
If skies in hue were aught but blue,
If grass were aught but green!

My dear, if heaven were less kind
And nature less in tune,
In vain should lovers seek to find
A tryst beneath the moon:

The pines would cease their serenade,
The heav'n-lit lamps that shine
No more would glimpse in this dim glade
Such happiness as mine—
Then what assurance 'tis to know
That earth is fair, my love,
That all the grass is green below,
The sky is blue above.

For what should we poor mortals do,
And what would nature mean
If skies in hue were aught but blue,
If grass were aught but green'



GREETING.

A frosty sky, a frosty land,
The drooping firs on every hand,
The mist at morn below the mill,
The naked birches on the hill,
The wintry weather, far and wide—
I wish you well at Christmastide.

I wish you well, and give you cheer
That hale and hearty goes the year,
That still you tread the crinkly snow
As lightly as a year ago,
And still your bosom beats as wild
At Christmastide as when a child.

I wish you well, for that the board
Is loaded with the winter's hoard,
And that the children's faces tell
The relish of its spicy smell—
For that the fire is-bright and oft,
Goes singing as it leaps aloft.

I wish your sweetest dreams may be
Inwrought in God's reality,
That you may dwell, if dwell you list,
In castles of the morning mist,
Whose lightsome pennants toss and fret
From taper spire and minaret.

HEART-SONG.

She is so sweet and white and wise,
My soul surrenders to her eyes,
And love's enraptured torrents start
In stormy sweetness through my heart.

And now November's thickets gray
Are fragrant as with blooms of May
And ev'ry voice that deigns to sing
Is ardent as the throat of spring.

A presence beauteous and serene
Attends me through the coverts green;
As o'er the autumn hills I fare
And breathe the topless heights of air.

And though I gain some holy ground
Where faint Elysian cymbals sound,
Whate'er befall me, 'tis my choice
To hear again her golden voice.

For neither bells nor warbled calls
Nor voices of deep waterfalls,
Nor all persuasive tongues I know
Can cleave me and compel me so.

And still in dimmest dreams I hear
Her tuneful raptures ringing clear;
And still her stately soul and true
Constrains me through her eyes of blue.

THE INVITATION TO THE ROAD.

“There is one of Nature’s spiritual ditties, that has not yet been set to words or human music: ‘The Invitation to the Road,’ an air continually sounding in the ears of gypsies and to whose inspiration our nomadic fathers journeyed all their days.”—STEVENSON.

Forever in my idle ear,
An anthem of the earth I hear,
That bids me forth from my abode,
In invitation to the road;

That calls me from my evening lamps
To loiter by the glowing camps,
Or follow after in the quest
Of El Dorados in the west.

To leave discretion far behind
And wander where still waters wind,
Where neither noise nor civil feuds
Disturb the sweeter solitudes.

And oh! the anthem, low or loud,
Assails me from the passing cloud,
And ev’ry vehicle that rolls
Invites me to the glad patrols.

Invites me to be up and fare
Beneath the cavalcades of air,

To foot it far in foreign lands
Through phantom cities on the sands;

To travel hither, travel yon,
To wander on and on and on;
To whistle gayly, bear the load,
And be forever on the road.



WILD LILIES.

I know a glade where the wild lilies blow,
Wild lilies of the valley;
And fauns and fairy sunbeams come and go
All in that wildwood alley.

And flowered lanes and brambly pathways wind
Where rolls the lone Eau Galle;
You wend them as you go at eve to find
The lilies of the valley.

And once a maid, free souled and calmly sweet,
Came here at dusk to dally;
And gather up, dew-clustered at her feet,
The lilies of the valley.

What songs of birds, what warblings of the brook,
Made glad her evening sally,
As low she laughed and in her white hands took
The lilies of the valley!

And oh, the warmth, the fragrant grace she shed
Throughout that deep, dim alley—
So soon to pale and leave uncomforted
The lilies of the valley.

Hushed is the glade; the voice that woke it stilled.
No more the wild birds rally

To note the step whose softest cadence thrilled
The lilies of the valley.

She chided not, though cold the Evangel's touch
Who manned the mist-hung galley;
Oh, call no more; she loved so much, so much,
These lilies of the valley.



AN INLAND LYRIC.

I am no friend unto the sea,
Its voice was ever strange to me,
Who gave, betimes, a willing ear
To all its murmurs for a year.

But now the bleak and pounding shore
My inland heart will own no more,
And now no more I meditate
By waters deep and desolate.

From briny beach and floating weed
At length I find my spirit freed;
By inland rivers now I roam,
And moisty meadows are my home.

The hills encompass me about,
And through the meadows, in and out,
The threading rivers lightly run,
And glimmer in the evening sun.

And here in April I patrol
The Rocky Branch from shoal to shoal,
And with an alder, trim and stout,
Entice to shore the spotted trout.

Or often through the rushy fen
I seek the dim and dinfu! Glen,

Where nymphs and naiads bandy calls
Across the rocks and waterfalls.

And babbling children, fresh from school,
Are lunching by the placid pool,
Wherein the glowing maidens spy
A glass to make their toilets by.

Through the unworked and spicy soil
The springs of living water boil,
And every solemn-walled ravine
Is sweet with beds of wintergreen.

Cliffs and the stately-stepping pines
Keep guard along the river lines,
And where their ranks deploy and break
I know at length they skirt the lake.

And oh, as often as the trees
Are baffled in the stormy breeze,
I clamber up along the glen
And hide me in the Devil's Den.

I hide me in the Den and look
Across the valley, o'er the brook,
Where nimble cedars leap and strain
Beneath the beating hurricane.

And here I sit and wait, secure,
Till all the air is still and pure;
And lo! along the homeward trip
The neighbor woodlands chirp and drip.

And now the blue of summer skies,
So sweet and solemn to my eyes,
Is matched beneath my springing tracks
By bluer fields of blowing flax.

And who shall say that I, inland,
Have less of loveliness at hand,
Than if I walked the Isle of Man
Or dwelt in distant Yucatan?

From off the heights there come to me,
The splendors of a tropic sea,
And from the clover on the slope,
The odors of untrammeled hope!



TO A LITTLE CHILD.

You are to me an airy plot
Of sunshine in a garden spot,
But half afraid and wholly fair
That stays a bit and trembles there;
A lissome and a lovely thing
That lures the robins there to sing;
Whose hair is but a wayward mist
That tosses where the winds may list,
Whose laughter leaps and breaks and trills
Like madrigals along the hills.



WAIT A WHILE.

When your beacon star is dim,
 Wait a while,
Keep your erring craft in trim,
 Wait a while;
For the tempest's brow is lifting,
And the rays of hope are sifting
Through the clouds, and downward drifting
 Wait a while.

If your fortune seems to frown,
 Wait a while,
Keep your courage; smile it down,
 Wait a while;
For the sun, forever shining,
Lends the cloud its silver lining
To rebuke our vain repining,
 Wait a while.

If at evening you are sad,
 Wait a while,
Dreams may come to make you glad,
 Wait a while;
Every moment helps to borrow
More of bitterness from sorrow,
You'll be merrier tomorrow,
 Wait a while.

When despair is at the door,
 Wait a while,
Though he beckons o'er and o'er,
 Wait a while;
Drop the latch and bar the grating,
Do not follow, keep him waiting;
Soon he'll pass and cease debating,
 Wait a while.

Have you missed the days of mirth?
 Wait a while,
There are joys not of earth,
 Wait a while;
For a low and lisping laughter
Echoes 'neath each ringing rafter
Of the infinite hereafter,
 Wait a while



A VALENTINE.

Blow ye winds, and lilt along
With the burden of my song.
While the sunbeams on the wing
Keep it ever trumpeting.

Lift it up, and lightly bear
From my heart the truant air
That was framed alone for her
Than whom none is lovelier.

Burden it with scents of spring,
Summer odors, anything
That will gently wreath and twine
Round my fleeting valentine.

Waft it through the dreamy skies,
Till the stars, with sleepy eyes,
Shall impart a shining bit
Of their limpid light to it.

Then, O breezes, soft and free,
Bear my wayward melody
Straight to where the flowers stir,
As they coyly nod to her.

Sift it slyly through her hair,
As she lightly lingers there,

Let it tarry, and caress
Both her cheeks with tenderness.

Hide it in the rosy nest
Of her dimples; let it rest
Where the languid lashes dip,
Beckoning her smiling lip.

Then, a zephyr, whisper low
What my heart would have her know,
Tell her, messenger of mine,
She shall be my valentine.



BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

Beautiful days, beautiful days,
How they break in on our wayward ways,
Like a caress from the arching skies
Over our brows and our aching eyes,
Lifting the shadowy veil that pressed
Numbly down on our troubled rest,
And shifting the burden from pain to praise
In hearts that revel in beautiful days.

Beautiful days, beautiful days,
Ushered at dawn through a drifting haze
That curtains the face of the morning, while
The glint of the sun, like a maiden's smile,
Trembles and tarries, and flashes through,
And goes frolicking off with the wind and the dew
To summon the birds to the woodland lays,
They lilt at the breaking of beautiful days.

Beautiful days, beautiful days,
Warming our hearts with the sifted rays
That fall from the skies in the pulsing noon,
While the cuckoo's cry, and the languid tune
Of the fluttering locust that idly clings
To the clover tuft as he flutes his wings,
Invite us to follow the bountiful ways
That nature has lavished on beautiful days.

Beautiful days, beautiful days,
Fading away as the twilight plays
Over the crest of the darkling hill
That throbs to the note of the whip-poor-will,
While the stars above in the azure crown
Of the dear old earth look fondly down;
Till my heart is aflame and I feel as I gaze
That life is a fabric of beautiful days!



HE AND SHE.

It was June, the night was fair
When this bashful-hearted pair
Sat them down upon the stair—
And he stared and she stared.

Round their feet the shadows played—
Bolder than the man and maid,
Who were very prim and staid—
And he stayed and she stayed.

“Kate,” said he, “I’m free to own
You’re as fresh and breezy-blown
As the hay that’s newly mown”—
And he moaned and she moaned.

“I, alas, am quite forlorn,
Thou, O rose, without a thorn,
Be the bloom to cheer my morn”—
And he mourned and she mourned.

“Thou shalt have a cottage small,
Morning-glories, pinks and all,
And shall grace the brilliant ball”—
And he bawled and she bawled.

“Thou shalt talk by telephone
In thy cottage quaint and lone,

Where the lilies long have grown"—
And he groaned and she groaned.

"As the merry larks that fly
Singing praises to the sky,
So I'll praise your hazel eye"—
And he lied and she lied.

For said she: "Ah, Jim, no more
Wilt thou speak profanely, nor
Dim the smile your lips once wore"—
And he swore and she swore.

As she brushed her tears away
He continued, "Kate, I pray
Be my wife, nor say me nay"—
And he neighed and she neighed.

"I'll adore you as a saint,
Wed you, Jim, without complaint,"
Thus she murmured, low and faint—
And he fainted and she ditto.

THE SUNKEN SHIP.

After over thirty years' search, during which several divers lost their lives, the sunken hulk of the steamer *Pewabic* was located last June off Thunder Light in Lake Huron. The vessel sunk while trying to exchange mails with a sister ship, *Meteor*. Her entire cargo of 267 tons of copper went to the bottom, and five-sixths of all her passengers were drowned.

They found the ship; she lay at ease
A battered hulk in inland seas,
Full thirty summers, fathoms deep,
She slept her unrefreshing sleep;
Above, the winds and waters tossed,
The unregarding vessels crossed,
And happy pilgrims gayly sped
Where once had tow'ed her figure-head.

How grandly in her days of strength
She rolled the inland ocean's length,
Broke Huron's waves and with her stem
Cut through her garment's crested hem.
The proud *Pewabic*!—Ah, 'twas she
Who bore herself with majesty,
Be she a speck at sea, or near
The sounding harbor and the pier;
Her pulsing heart within her throbbed,
Astern the waters broke and sobbed,
And o'er her decks in blithe accord
A merry mass of people poured.

But look you now, the havoc here,
The hapless end of her career!
Her living timbers, all aheap,
Are tumbled forty fathoms deep,
Her bulging tons of copper ore
Bestrew the lake's uneven floor,
And grimly, on the slimy stones,
Recline the ghostly human bones.

In cold and crannied depths she hides,
The trailing mosses drape her sides;
Fleet fishes through her timbers steal
Or flash, amazed, about her keel.
At evening, in his clumsy sports,
The sturgeon lounges past her ports,
Or frolics, monk-like, through the breach
That brought her to her sunken beach,—
That brought her, plunging, to her bed
Who but a moment hence had sped
With pennons streaming, and the hail
Of hundreds sounding at her rail!

For lo! how trimly and how true
Across the rolling stretch of blue,
The tossing Meteor, wrapped in spray,
Bore out the mails from Thunder Bay,
And how supremely huge she stood,
Oncoming hulk of steel and wood,
With now the movement and the sound
Of stalwart timbers coming round,

And now the orders, piping clear,
And loud hallooing, cheer for cheer!

A moment hence, and, rail to rail,
The two had tossed the morning mail—
A moment hence—When lo! the roar
Of waters and their sickening pour
In falling torrents, uncontrolled,
Throughout Pewabic's shuddering hold;
Till choked and reeling, wreathed in foam,
She plunged into her shivering home—
With one confused and gurgling leap
She thundered headlong down the deep,
Where still she slumbers, locked from sight,
Beyond the coast of Thunder Light.

Shall come to this, O ye that ride
Full chested on the foaming tide,
Who with unconquered hearts today
Confound the deep and flaunt the spray?
Shall you too make your beds with hers,
Ye calm, clear-eyed adventurers?
Yet still go forth, by valor led,
Faint not, but speed, ah, speed ahead!
At eve the darkling pitfalls yawn—
Up! and make noontide of the dawn.
Shall midnight gape and end your way?
Then toil ye, laugh and live today,
Sound hard the trumpet, greet the sun,
And live your three-score days in one!

TO A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER.

The shivering brooklet veils in gray,
Its harps on alders hung;
But, dear heart, they are steeped in May
Who teach the timorous young.

The sunset fades in buffs and reds,
The blue-jay takes his tree;
And fair young heads by downy beds
Are babbling prayers for thee.



TWO SEASONS.

Across the garden, noon or night,
I see but shifting folds of white,
And through the orchard, first and last,
The wildest of the winds go past.

And here I see a rolling drift,
And there a crest where idly sift
The winds that whirl in snowy spray,
To flaunt a bit and then away.

But not a sparrow have I seen
Nor yet a sprig of living green,
And not a bugle have I heard
From either blithe or sober bird.

But now the seasons soon shall bring
The airy splendors of the spring,
And lo! my desert shall expand
Into a flowery fairyland.

The bank where icy waters fret
Shall blossom with the violet,
And 'neath the deep mid-winter snows
Shall spring, in June, the blowing rose.

The willows, silent, oh! so long,
Shall burst into a world of song,
And what is chill and lifeless sod
Shall wave with plummy golden-rod.

ANNOWENA OF LAVINE.

Tonight the sun of summertime is sinking down the
West,
Whilst dreams of long forgotten days are kindling in
my breast;
I see the purple lilacs and the phlox that used to blow
Along the lane we often trod, together, years ago;
I see her airy tresses and her eyes that used to shine
When I met her in the moonlight, Annowena of Lavine!

For not a star that blossomed up above her in the skies
Was half so deep or half so bright as Annowena's eyes;
And not a single lily-bell that decked the grassy knoll
Was half so sweet and innocent as Annowena's soul;
And all her heart was full of love and all the love was
mine,
Till angels came to woo her, sweet Wena of Lavine.

And day by day and year by year, the angels, I could
see,
Were wooing better far than I and winning her from me,
Until at last by little wiles and ways I knew not of,
They took my Annowena and my Annowena's love;
And now the phantoms of the night, in voices faint
and fine,
Are calling, ever calling, Annowena of Lavine.

"Annowena, Annowena!" all the dewy breezes croon,
And "Wena, Annowena!" quavers echo's only tune,
And "Wena, Wena, Wena!" all the woodsy caverns
call;

But Wena dwells in other dells and answers not at all;—
But Wena dwells in other dells and in the sun's decline,
The shadows bend and beckon me to Wena of Lavine!



THE NEW DEPOT.

A rumbling in the distance,
A whistle through the trees,
A thousand little happinesses
Humming down the breeze,
A roaring on the trestle-work,
And then a gleam of steel,—
And now the daisies take the wind
And now the willows reel;
And now the bell begins to ring
And tosses to and fro—
Oh, every one to places
At the
new
de-
pot!

For Mike is at the throttle
And James is at the glass,
And all the people bow to them
And cheer them as they pass;
And sands are running down the pipes
And scalding on the rails;
And calls are heard and hissing brakes
And tossing out of mails;—

And now my lads be lively,
Oh, speed them as they go,
And keep your heads, my hearties,
At the

new

de-

pot!

Coal a-roaring in the pit,
Steam a trifle slack,
Pulsing in the cylinder
And singing up the stack;
Officers in uniform,
Glint of blue and gold,
Passengers are pouring in,
Baggage being rolled;—
Harry, take your wagon-truck,
Tinker, let her go,
Ho! but here's a circus
At the

new

de-

pot!

Faces tossing up the aisle,
Nodding at the pane,
Wave of airy handkerchiefs
And calling up the lane;
Bess is off to boarding school,
Bob is for the mines—

Take a parting look at us
And at the gloomy pines;—
Strange they want to tarry,
Strange they hate to go,
Strange we can't be happy
With a
new
de-
pot!



HER BEST BEAU.

When Marjory begged for some verses
To send to her very best beau,
She asked me to make them as airy
And sweet as the roses that blow.

"And Tom," she began, speaking archly,
"Don't mope till you've turned the last line—
Oh, Tom! you're an idle old teaser—
They're meant for that best beau of mine."

She faltered a moment, then rallied
And pouted her red lips at me
With, "Tom, if you really must have it,
You *might* take a kiss for your fee."

And so I composed the love verses
With plenty of sweetness and whim,
And sent them—with humble excuses—
And hoped they might please her—and him.

It seemed that they didn't; next morning
My paper of rhymes was returned—
Confound such a blundering frankness!
At least the stuff might have been burned.

Yet no; for in crumpling the papers,
Behold, in a rough scrawl of blue,
I found little Marjory's message:
"Don't worry, dear Tom, they're for you!"

LATER ON.

We will delve in earnest thinking
Later on,
And we'll cease our silent blinking
Later on;
We'll be free from toil and trouble
And will soar above life's stubble—
Until death shall burst the bubble
Later on.

We'll begin to serve the nation
Later on,
And we'll give her an ovation
Later on;
For at present she's progressing,
All her hosts are onward pressing—
Will she need our weak caressing
Later on?

All our words shall brighten, gladden,
Later on,
Not a syllable shall sadden
Later on;
Ev'ry sentence shall engender
Feelings tuneful, true and tender—
Till our voices, too, surrender
Later on.

We'll devote our lives to duty
 Later on,
And will clothe our deeds with beauty
 Later on;
We'll befriend our fellow creature
And the Christ shall be our teacher—
Ah! but time's so swift a feature
 Later on.

We will pause for self-inspection
 Later on,
And we'll relish sweet reflection
 Later on;
We're enraptured now with pleasure,
With its mazy, rhythmic measure—
And the soul we fain would treasure
 Later on.

O, we'll sing our songs of splendor
 Later on,
And we'll each be Truth's defender
 Later on;
But the siren's saucy twitter
Goads us still to pomp and glitter—
And regrets—they'll be so bitter
 Later on!

All the dreams and hopes we cherish,
 Later on,
Like the blooms of spring will perish,
 Later on;

All our fancies will have fled,
All our plans be uncompleted,
And our hope of heav'n—defeated,
 Later on.



AN ELFIN SERMON.

A Sabbath muser, still I rove
Throughout the thrifty cedar grove,
While down the glen, from time to time,
The bells of churches sweetly chime;
And here, in coverts calm, may I
Peruse the pages of the sky,
And from their limpid lines, unvext,
Select my trim and sober text.
And here, at length, with sense at rest
And by all odorous winds caressed,
I may my secret soul regale
In the sweet-smelling, flowered vale,
And heed the quaint, hallooing calls
That hail me from the crystal falls;
May hearken, through the lonely glen,
The finer flutings of the wren,
Or from the rocks attend at ease
The forest's faint vocalities—
May list with a receptive soul
The airy voice beyond control,
Unpious, yet in sweet accord
With the all-seeing Overlord!

TO SEE HER FACE.

To see her face, behold, it is
To see in airy palaces
The misty splendors of the moon
A-slumber in the arms of noon.

It is to see the blue of skies
Reflected in her azure eyes,
The rosy morning hues that streak
The east repeated in her cheek.

To see her face, it is to see
A dream of purest ecstasy,
A dream of faint and dewy dawns,
Of starry nights and blooming lawns.

To see some faint mirage of bliss
That clings to heaven's halcyon kiss,
As humming birds that sip perfume
From ev'ry proud or pensive bloom.

To see her face which frames a smile,
It is to see o'er heaven's stile,
Where angel faces peep and peer
From out the drifting atmosphere.

To see her face when in repose,
It is to see the blushing rose

Mid banks of ferns and nodding flowers
When washed with dews and dashing showers.

To see the river's placid breast
By lily-pads and blooms caressed,
Where flags are tossing to and fro,
And bells and lady-slippers blow.

Oh, what delight to see her face,
And ponder on its perfect grace—
Can floods of grief or tears erase
The joy we feel to see her face!



BLOSSOM ARMIES.

In the inland meadows, lo,
Blossom armies come and go,
Soldiers clad in various hue,
Tory red or federal blue,
Marshaled in the moorland glade
By some billowy chansonade,
Blown from off the showery peaks
Where the season's trumpet speaks.

Crocuses and daisies file
Down the meadows mile by mile;
Ragged sailors, far from sea,
Trudge in awkward infantry;
Buttercups in whole brigades,
Violet hosts in cavalcades,
Mount the slopes and charge the glen
Taking captive maids and men.

Bold invaders lie in wait
Close beside the city's gate,
Waiting secretly the nod
Of their captain, golden-rod,
Who in turn awaits replies
From his picket line and spies—
Indian-pinks and other scouts
In the enemy's redoubts.

Hark! they rally now and come,
Hear the bugle blast and drum—
Hear the bugles, blowing sweet—
Nay, but listen—'tis retreat,
'Tis retreat they call, and lo,
See the hastening armies go,
While behind them, in and out,
Winter's forces flood the rout.

Winter's forces! how they pour
Down the clearings with a roar,
How they charge them in the glades
With their frosty fusillades;
Till the blossom armies all
Wave their battle-flags and fall.
In the inland meadows, lo,
Blossom armies come and go.



THE INEFFABLE INFLUENCE.

Now it all comes back, like a waning dream,
With the breath of the fragrant rose,
The dusk and the dew and the tender theme
And the calm of the night's repose,
The touch of her hand and the swift caress,
The sweep of the hedge in bloom,
The seraphim voice and the shroud-white dress
And the smell of that faint perfume.

And the halcyon years that have passed since then—
They are fairer than those to be,
For sorrow has burdened the hearts of men
And loneliness tarries with me;
For a sable car and a somber train
To the dip of the nodding plume,
Wound slowly forth from that blossoming lane
In the flow of that faint perfume.

And now at the dawn and the evening hour,
When the hedges have ceased to wave,
I kneel by the side of the wan-faced flower
That winnows its sweets on her grave;
And her face and her soul to my fancy spring,
And no longer she lies in the tomb,
For our spirits are one and our hearts take wing
At the breath of that faint perfume.

THE RIVER'S BRIDAL.

I cannot tarry, nay, nor bide;
I'm wedded to the impatient tide,
And from the sands along the sea
The roaring breakers call to me.

For though I loiter, though I sing,
I am forever hastening,
And gayly tossing toward the brine
That sings a louder song than mine.

That sings of ships and snowy sails,
Of galleons and blowing gales,
Of men and maidens rocked to sleep
In the haunted hammocks of the deep.

And now the elder ocean roars
Until I tremble to my shores,
And now his voice is far and sweet
And leads me faltering to his feet.

And so I'm swiftening o'er the sand,
The eternal bridal is at hand;
And lo, the thunderous anthem rolls
From out the organs on the shoals.

A PASTORAL.

While the belfries peal inland,
We go forth to fairyland,—
Forth at morn and gayly fare
Where the woodland trumpets blare
And the elfin anthems swell,
Sweet and clear, from dell to dell;
Where the blowing mists go by
And the larks salute the sky,
And at sunrise, far and frail,
Sounds the shrill call of the quail.

Still go with me, sweet, as goes
Perfume with the unperfect rose,
Whilst through lot and lane we slip
In divine companionship,
You light-stepping, Dian-wise,
'Neath the low-bending inland skies,
Fain alike for chance or chase
Or the far sylvan resting place.

Fain besides as now we wait
Beyond the clearing's bannered gate,
With dimpling meadows, dewy sweet,
All daisy-dappled, round our feet,
And hard before us, flecked with shade,
The dim and undismantled glade,

With tufted violets carpeted
And leafy laces hung o'erhead,
With singing choruses that stir
Throughout their wildwood theater,
Whilst here and there across the stage
The feathered prima donnas rage,
And lift their voices, loud and clear,
To storm us welcome and good cheer.

And here shall we, with hearts elate,
Pause a bit and recreate,
In the bosky vales afar
Where the beauteous bowers are,
And the plum and cherry trees
Blossom into snowy seas,—
Snowy seas that sweep and toss,
Strewing snow-flakes on the moss,
And scenting deep your silken hair
With the perfumed breaths they bear.
And here the wasting winds of May
Shall through the tree-tops leap and play,
Or fan the hollows, to and fro,
Where congregated posies blow;
And shadows, down the forest aisles,
Shall troop in broken ranks and files,
As through the midday skies remote
The towering cloud-bergs idly float.

WHERE HASTES THE SUN AWAY.

Where hastes the sun away, over the hills,
Coasting the meadow lands, dipt in the rills?
Is it to fairyland, floating and white,
Or to far elfindom, eerie as night?—
Is it to Spicy Isle, where the winds pour
And the loud waves come in, chafing the shore?
Nay? is it none of these, with their faint melodies
And their sweet odors?—Then tell us who wills,
Where hastes the sun away, over the hills?

Straight to God's granary, when the day's done,
Down the dim corridors hastens the sun,
Wheels up his chariot, pours the wealth in,—
Corn from the lofty crib, wine from the bin,
Fruit from the orchard wains, roses and wheat,
Grown by God's alchemy, artless and sweet.
Thus did they say and sing, birds of the wand'ring
wing,
Thus did they tell to me: When the day's done
Straight to God's granary hastens the sun.

OCTOBER'S QUEST.

Say have ye seen go ambling by,
A maiden straight and fair,
The love-light in her roguish eye,
The sunshine in her hair?

And caught ye then the wild-hay scent
Of meadows strewn and tossed,
Or faint alfalfa odors lent
By pastures newly crossed?

And heard ye not in her low laugh
The note the wild bird calls,
The liquid measures in the staff
Of tinkling waterfalls?

Saw ye not blossoms on her cheek
Late-lifted from the heath,
Blown roses, stolen pinks and eke
Pale sprays from some wild wreath?

Saw ye no trace of that sweet time
When autumn glimpsed the spring,
When seasons sang a glad new chime
Of trackless wandering?

She promised me, one wistful dawn
When dewy wreaths ran high,

To nod farewell to nights new-gone
And kiss the blush-strewn sky,

She promised me, that leap year morn
As coaxingly she stood,
Unheeding low-hung limb or thorn,
All in the sweet, wild wood,

If e'er, as we should onward hie,—
Two pilgrims, Shade and Shine,—
I caught and kissed but one hand, I
Should claim the whole girl mine.

And then she turned and laughing went,
A white-armed, perfumed blur;
Whilst I, in mute bewilderment,
Took heart to follow her.

And still the faint breath of the rose
Comes to me as I fare,
And still o'er winter's drifting snows
Stray wild-flow'rs from her hair.

But never in the daisied plain
Or in the moist wood-land
Have I yet caught or glimpsed again
The maid's white-wristed hand.

But still at dawn I follow her,
At evening, aye, and noon;—
For I am ripe October, sir,
And she the bride-decked June!

Then have ye seen go ambling by,
This maiden straight and fair,
The lovelight in her roguish eye
The sunshine in her hair?



A PRAYER.

I ask not that my pen, O Lord,
Be mightier than the merest sword,
Nor that my unavailing name
Shall ever know the glint of fame.

But oh, I ask to have the grace
To see my duty face to face,
And as I pass across the stile
To greet my neighbors with a smile.

To gather flow'rs and sweet sunlight
To strew by armfuls through the night,
Or share with those who come and go
In dungeons of unceasing woe.

TOGETHER.

The moon had raced the cool ravines and tip-toed
through the pines,
The ripples laughed, and lullabys beguiled the trailing
vines;
The water-lilies bowed to us along the dappled pond
And through the darkling trestle-work the rapids
gleamed beyond.

A trampling in the hazel brush and tinklings on the
hill
Came softly to us as we dipped and paddled past the
mill;
And here the night hawks hovered low and touched the
passing skiff,
And here the owl awoke at guard and challenged from
the cliff.

And hoofs of horses, low or loud, beat promptly on the
bridge,
Or still retreating rose and fell across the moonlit
ridge;
While far below us, ghostly dim, the silent city glowed,
A mist upon her steeple tops, and lanterns down the
road.

And you were lithe and cool and free; the skiff was in
your hands—
She bubbled down the crystal creek, and through the
dewy lands;
And so we sang with waterfalls, and so we ranged the
sky,
And so explored Elysian shores, my roving mate and I!



THE CLOSED HOUSE.

(The House-spirit Speaks.)

The clocks are chiming through the hall,
The lonesome echoes rise and fall,
And round my gables and my eaves
The whining wind of winter grieves

But where are all the faces fair
That smiled at morning on the stair,
Or waltzed in evening ruffs and frills
Beneath my groinings and my grilles?

And where are they whose willing feet
Came bounding toward me from the street;—
Upon my shivering northern door
Their welcome shadows fall no more.

No more the shrilling laugh is heard,
The music struck, the curtain stirred;
No more the songs in sweet accord,
The clink of glasses at the board.

For she whose words were kind and wise
And she who spoke with smiling eyes
Have fled my portals for a time
To dwell in some serener clime.

And one and all have hied them forth
From frosted prairies of the north,
Where I in darkness still may hear
The wolves of winter drawing near.

The empty rockers pose in state,
The shaken ashes strew the grate,
And inexpressive dumb despair
Looks out upon me everywhere.

But soon shall winter come and go
Again my cheerful hearth shall glow,
And jolly lips around the blaze
Shall tell of other haunts and days!



THE PERFUME OF THE FOREST.

Oh, the perfume of the forest, it encumbers all the air
Like a pulsing exhalation that is streaming everywhere.
Like a winnowed breath of blooming sprays, a mossy-
scented spell

That encompasses the wooded heights and lingers in
the dell;

Like a fragrant wave of nothingness that filters from
the trees

And goes sifting through the branches on the bosom
of the breeze—

A subtle smell of sweetest things that wings along the
slope,

A whiff of exaltation and a zephyr breath of hope!

Oh, the perfume of the forest, it is sweeter than the
smell

Of the fummy breath of incense in the Oriental's cell
Where the heavy-swinging censers from the dimly-
lighted nave

Sprinkle scents of myrrh and cinnamon about them as
they wave;

For not all the gums and spices of the aromatic East
Nor the deep and drunken odors of a Sultan's tropic
feast,

Can vie with smells of Northern dells where honey-
suckles toss

And crocuses and daffodils lie crouching in the moss!

Oh, the perfume of the forest, how it filters through
the soul
All its lush and leafy sweetness, where the quiet waters
roll,
How it wafts the weight of bitterness like thistle-down
away
And makes the heart to carol with the robin's roundelay;
How it lulls the restless fancy with the deep and stilly
tide,
Heavy-laden with the balsam from the firry mountain
side—
Till these wet and woodsy odors and aromas of the sod
Fill the heart to brimming over with a tenderness for
God!



THE MONUMENT.

In St. Croix County, Wisconsin, there is a large formation of sandstone called the Monument. Though much reduced, during the last generation or two, by the action of the weather and human vandalism, it is still some fifty feet high. It stands quite solitary and overtops most of the country-side.

Here I stand, aloof, elate,
The white sentinel of fate,
Through whose fringe of priestly oaks,
Druid-like, the tree-toad croaks.

On the long slope, stark and lone,
Sleeplessly I guard mine own,
Where the Baldwin highway crawls
Down the green vale to the Falls.

Warm and close, beneath my gaze,
Stand the homesteads, dim with haze,
Wrapped in silence and content
As the calm eyes o'er them bent.

Fieldward, sons and grandsons toil
On the self-same, stubborn soil,
Where, with strange eyes, I beheld
How their kinsmen toiled of eld.

In the by-gone Mays and Junes,
Under by-gone suns and moons,
Here, where my lone shadow falls,
Townsfolk held their festivals.

Blithe and babbling, all day long,
Stormed about my feet with song—
All day long, or high in air
Scaled my sides and shoulders bare.

Ah, the young hearts of today
Are not more unconscious, nay,
Nor more free of youth's young gold
Than the fine-tuned hearts of old!

And, ye trysting souls that fare
Down the twilight coverts there,
Think not that your sweet eyes trace
Fond surprises in my face!

Think not though the faint blush starts
And new raptures throng your hearts,
'Tis the first this heart hath known
Of fine frenzies like your own.

Men long since, with maids as true,
Walked this pathway, wet with dew,
Laughed, and kissed glad hands at me
In their new-found ecstasy.

Where now are those blameless gay
Who went smiling down the way?—

Yonder, where the white slabs gleam
By-gone loves and lovers dream.

Nor think still, beloved of fate,
That with envious breath I prate,
Though in cynic scorn I laugh
At the swift, keen joys ye quaff.

Deep, deep in my heart of stone
Sweet remembrance sits alone;
Men forgotten, matrons gone—
These the themes I think upon.

'Tis not mine to chide or bless,
Mine to sing life's loveliness,—
Lo, the lone watch, wrought in sand,
For the storms of time I stand!

Doomed and dwindling, year on year,
Still my unbowed head I rear,
Crumbling still, but still unspent,
God's and man's mute monument!

THE TIME THAT WE BECAME ENGAGED.

The time that we became engaged, the lovely Nell
and I,—

I recollect that everything went dimly dancing by;
Some incoherent sentences and phrases out of tune,
A lot of little pleasantries that vanished all too soon,
And left us sitting side by side and very much perplexed,
And wondering how anyone could relish such a text.

The time that we became engaged, how strange it all
appears,

My little lady did not laugh from out a mist of tears;
She did not blush and bow her head nor let her lashes
dip,

Nor lift her pretty, pouting mouth for me to take a sip;
She did not do a thousand things that maids are said
to do—

Indeed, the dainty creature looked and acted rather blue!

She bit her tinted finger nails and looked at me as
though

I'd missed at least a thing or two I really ought to know,
And though I longed to comfort her and give her a caress
I knew 'twould only add another cloud to our distress;
Because it seemed that everything was going from bad
to worse,

The time that we became engaged in writing sonnet
verse!

THE HERETIC.

Within the temple tall and dim
In council sit the Sanhedrim,
And from their heights austere and cold
Apply the ruthless iron mold;
With bland address and blander smile
Disguise the undertones of guile,
And by their shrewd, designing art
Re-shape the unsuspecting heart,
Rebuke the spirit, and control
The wings of the aspiring soul.

And I—oh, shall I have the grace
To meet the Elders face to face?
Survey their creed, as cold as stone,
And chide it not, but keep my own?
With kind exclusion court the goal
And bid my steeple-dwelling soul
Bar up its windows and its doors
Against my cold inquisitors!

For who am I, forsooth, to say
That I am nearer right than they;
And who are they that they should frown
Upon my faith to fash it down?
For oh, the Lord is Lord of all;
By His decree we stand or fall;

The dearest gift of life is His—
The gift of inner consciences;
Whereby the bravely cruising soul
Hath each to its secure control

An airy compass, poised and fine,
And magnetized by arts divine.
By this we gayly sail and steer
O'er life's tempestuous hemisphere,
And by distinct and devious ways
We each shall weather wind and haze,
And every vessel, first and last,
With undismantled boom and mast
Shall flee the reefs, shall ride the main,
And all in twilight hours shall gain,
Beyond the steep and starry sea,
The harbors of eternity!

A FRAGMENT.

My noble masters, greetings from the West,
The land by lakes adorned, by streams caressed,
The land of bracing winds and dashing show'rs,
Of meadows green and blossoming sweet flow'rs,—
The home of Hiawatha, strange and far,
Enshrined in beauty 'neath the northern star.

THE WATCHWORD.

Ghost: "Adieu, adieu, Hamlet, remember me!"

Remember thee! thou lonely ghost
On far perdition's moaning coast—
While brooding memory holds its seat
And hearts are true and pulses beat,
The pathos of the dreamer's song
Shall wash with tears thy crushing wrong,
And all his musings still shall be,
"Adieu, adieu, remember me."

Remember thee! thou phantoms dear
That swayed our souls but yester-year,
Whose consolations, sweet and warm,
Made swift oblivion of the storm—
Ah, ghostly friends, could we forget
Your soft good-bye's, your eyelids wet,
Your low, sad words of sympathy,
"Adieu, adieu, remember me."

Remember thee!—through memory's halls
At night we hear your faint foot-falls;
In meadows green some wafted scent
Brings back your smile, your child's content;
Some broken song, some old refrain
Calls up your lifted lips again,

As when you sobbed all whisperingly,
"Adieu, adieu, remember me."

Remember thee!—O years that roll,
O hearts that break and bells that toll—
For thee, for thine—Ah, canst not know?—
Our hearts are bended down with woe:
Across the mists, across the years
Of exile, lo, we gaze with tears,
And each in anguish calls to thee,
"Adieu, adieu, remember me."



A REQUIEM.

Above my brother's grave
The tapering fir-trees wave:
 Sing low, sweet breath,
 Of the pale, pale death,
Sing low, sweet breath, of the brave!

The daylight drains and dies,
Dusk wings far down the skies:
 But the birds on the hill
 Oh, they fife with a will
To silence my sad heart's cries.

Across the darkling wold
Two doves their late way hold:
 These croon of the young,
 Of their songs unsung,
Of the halo and the hair's young gold.

Deep down in the perfumed grass
The west winds meet and pass:
 And they play faint things
 On their trembling strings
Of the thin, gold sands in the glass.

Still over the fresh, round sod,
Tall jonquils lean and nod:
 O, perfumed air,
 Waft, waft my pray'r
To the ears of an answering God!

ON A DRY GOODS BOX.

“What d’ye think,” says Mr. Flint, “what d’ye think,”
says he—

“A soldier man came down the pike a peltin’ oaths at
me,

An’ swearin’ he was off for hell with a load o’ brandy
glee.”

“Nothin’ at all,” said Mr. Steel, “nothin’ at all,” said
he—

“I met a tar in Tavern Lane who’d sailed the Jasper
Sea

An’ seen the saints along the shore as thick as thick
could be.”

SONNETS



THE HALO MAKERS

DISTANCE.

A little child played on an eminence
All in the summer sun; but in the plain
She saw erected in the laughing rain
A bow of rich and lovely radiance.

So fair it seemed, her every childish sense
Yearned toward it, and her unused feet were fain
To leave the height and clamber down the lane,
Where hung the bow in golden indolence.

But far she fared and found no beauty still.
The sunlight paled; the woodlands high and low
Were drenched with rain. Indeed, her way went ill,
And she—she lost all heart and hope; for, oh!
She saw no glory like the sunlit hill,
And found no golden ballast to the bow!

TIME.

In blue and brass, unrecking space or time,
Unheeding aught but touch to left and right,
And the one voice high rolling through the night,
A soldier fights through dark and damp and grime.

The battle's clash, like some dim pantomime,
Flares redly round him, and fills up his sight;
He toils in darkness, questions not the light,
Nor knows the paths he tramples are sublime.

But in the after-glow of his long day,
From Time's high vantage ground, thro' eyes grown
dim
He sees, above the field where ran the fray,
A faint, far-off and sunlit halo swim!
And, lo! its fringe, like flower mists of May,
Falls in fine wisps that circle over him!



THE VOICE OF SOLITUDE.

Dim Solitude, how sweet thy chiming tongue
That lisps and twitters on the grass-grown hill,
Lilts roundelays along the rush-bound rill,
And sounds the tune the thunder clouds have sung:

Thy whispered greetings when the day is young
Pipe through the dawn and lead my pliant will
To do thy bidding and my heart is still
As the hushed hour when curfew's bell has rung.

Thou art so strong, broad breasted and austere,
My spirit trembles, groping for thine own;
I call to thee, and hearkening, I hear
From out the echoing depths thy sounding tone;
And though I walk the night from year to year
I hear thy voice and do not walk alone.

TO SLEEP.

To sleep!—the watchword of this lonely hour.

To sleep!—the night winds whisper as they weep

Their dewy tear drops. Earth has sunk to sleep
And hushed upon her breast each tender flower.

To sleep! Ah, yes, where yonder pine trees tower

My heart-wed blossom slumbers. Cold and deep

The couch that holds her. Pale stars keep
Her nightly vigil, and the moon's slant shower

Flings my lone shadow on that tufted mound.

Sweet sleep! Could I but close my aching eyes
And make my bed upon this sodden ground,

Forever rest where my sad shadow lies,
I should no more a wanderer be found

But wait for peace beyond the star-strewn skies.

HOPE RE-KINDLED.

And am I now so prone I may not rise?

Have I slipped off the threshold of the morn
Into that night to which in stealth are borne
The slave of greed, the wasted soul that flies

From the chaste gaze of mute and honest eyes?

And must I there sit helpless and forlorn,
Unknown to hope, and moved alone by scorn
Which knows no heaven and grants no earthly prize?

I feel the veil of gloom about me drawn

And closely wound around me in the dark
Till ev'ry feeble ray of light is gone—
And yet, not all; for through the gloom a spark
Re-kindles my horizon into dawn,
And in the flaming skies I hear the lark!

TRIOLETS

LIFE.

O, Life's but a bloom
 In a sweet-scented palace!
All its Hopes are perfume—
O, Life's but a bloom!
And it laughs at the gloom,
 Drinking Love's brimming chalice:
O, Life's but a bloom
 In a sweet-scented palace.

ANOTHER:

I gave him a kiss
 And he asked for another—
'Twas nothing amiss
To give him *one* kiss;
But the freedom of bliss,
 I was destined to smother:
I gave him a kiss,
 And he *asked* for another!

THE SWING.

'Twas a sweet night in June
 With the swing hanging lonely,
And the dance all in tune—
'Twas a sweet night in June—
And beneath the fair moon
 Were we two and we only—
'Twas a sweet night in June
 With the swing hanging lonely.

But no rest had the swing
 For a tired head and shoulder—
'Twas the awkwardest thing—
But no rest had the swing
And I saw roses spring
 As my arm grew the bolder—
But no rest had the swing
 For a tired head and shoulder!

THE HUSKING BEE.

Hark! how the smoky rafters ring—

And oh, the corn is flashing yellow,
The laughing maidens loudly sing,
Hark! how the smoky rafters ring;
And Jed must have his teasing fling
Till Jennie's cheeks are rosy mellow,
Hark! how the smoky rafters ring—
And oh, the corn is flashing yellow.

The fates have favored roaring Jed,
Whom chooses he from all the misses?
He flaunts a polished ear of red,
The fates have favored roaring Jed;
And ere that Jennie's fairly fled,
She's yielding up her kindest kisses—
The fates have favored roaring Jed,
Whom chooses he from all the misses?

PRETTY MAID.

Pretty maid at the door,
 Very shy, so I kissed her;
And she sighed—'twas for more—
Pretty maid at the door;
But, alas! my Lenore—
 For the first time, I missed her!
Pretty maid at the door
 Very shy, so I kissed her.

Pretty maid at the door,
 I am sad since I kissed her,
Though she blushed o'er and o'er,
Pretty maid at the door;
For how, pray, should I know'er
 As Lenore's little sister?
Pretty maid at the door,
 I am sad since I kissed her.

AT SLEEPY CENTER.

There's a trunkful or so
 Of my gay party dresses
Silks and laces, cut low,
There's a trunkful or so;
But they'll languish, I trow,
 In their sunless recesses—
There's a trunkful or so
 Of my gay party dresses!

A QUESTION.

She smiles with her eyes,
 Are they cold or caressing?
'Tis hard to surmise,
She smiles with her eyes;
But no stars in the skies
 Are so sweetly distressing—
She smiles with her eyes,
 Are they cold or caressing?

TO AUSTIN DOBSON.

There's a spell in your rhyme
 Like the scent of sweet roses—
All the birds sing the chime.
"There's a spell in your rhyme!"
'Tis the breath of Old Time
 With its vows and pressed posies—
There's a spell in your rhyme
 Like the scent of sweet roses!

AT PARTING.

She tossed the red rose
 With a blown kiss at parting,—
How smart the wind blows!
She tossed the red rose—
Confound the wind's woes!
 How they set the tears starting;
She tossed the red rose
 With a blown kiss at parting.

RONDEAUS

THE FALL.

I fell at last, although full well
And long I'd fought the witching spell
 That oft beset me as I strayed,
 At will, through all the star-lit glade
Where Ruth and Amaryllis dwell.

But how I lost I cannot tell;
Swift arrows pierced my breast pell-mell,
 And, reft of heart and quite afraid,
 I fell at last.

And such a fall! No more shall swell
The battle chant, the tolling knell!
 By gentler passions now I'm swayed
 On gentler pipes my tunes are played;
For deep in love with witching Belle
 I fell at last!

RESTORATION.

I have no heart these later days
To follow all the wilding ways
 I loved of yore; nor yet to dip
 My goblet in those founts that drip
With wines we quaffed in early Mays.

For all the sweets that others praise—
A twilight hour, a moonlit maze,
 The honey of some laughing lip—
 I have no heart.

Your face alone inspires my lays,
No name but thine my songs upraise;
 I claim you, sweet, and warmly grip
 These hands that through my fingers slip,
For since I met your sweet, shy gaze
 I have no heart!

PAULINE PASSES.

Pauline will pass, ere twilight wane,
Along this balsam freighted lane,
 Far down the vista fringed with fir,
 Like some enchanting, cloud-like blur,
She comes as soft as summer rain.

And I, who know the lift and stir
Of her light footsteps, wait for her,
Although perchance with chill disdain
 Pauline will pass.

And yet—she smiles with dimples twain,
And bows, as bows the waving grain—
 She smiles, and while my eyes demur
 To change to sights unlovelier
My heart still croons that sly refrain,
 “Pauline will pass!”

AT VESPER HOUR.

At Vesper hour when Grace is there
With eyes demure and forehead fair,
 With hair so aptly tossed astray
 Whereon the netted sunbeams play—
How brief the hymn, how short the prayer!

An unseen essence haunts the air,
And e'en the anthem seems to bear
 A more melodious roundelay
 At Vesper hour.

The angels all are well aware
She hath no taint of guilty care,
 Yet pensively she bows to pray
 And moves my wayward heart to say:
“Would I her suppliant theme may share”
 At Vesper hour.

SZUMOWSKA PLAYED.

Szumowska played, and lo, we sat
In mutest rapture wond'ring at
 The melody she deftly flung
 From ev'ry string that sobbed and sung
As if its heart would break with that.

In major chord, in sharp or flat
(To me the terms are merest chat),
 In whispered sigh or soaring tongue,
 Szumowska played!

The keys went tripping pitty-pat,
As if they trod a velvet mat—
 Then oh! the sounding bells that swung
 To every touch, and roundly rung—
As 'twere some grand magnificat
 Szumowska played.

WINSOME ANNE.

O winsome Anne, I prithee be
Forever fair, forever free,
 And with your heart and hopes as light
 As in the waltzes bird-like flight,
Where now you foot it fast with me.

And may your motions be to see
As lovely as the living tree
 And win you hearts and hands at sight,
 O winsome Anne.

And when you use for earnest fee
These lips that pout engagingly,
 Oh, may you give to no poor wight
 The hand should crown the courtly knight:
Disdain the knave on bended knee,
 Oh, win some man!

WHEN BABY WALKED.

When baby walked, we circled round
And cheered, while she so chastely gowned
 Went toddling off from papa's knee
 To mamma's arms held coaxingly—
Heigh-o! the merry sight and sound!

Anon the buoyant step and bound,
The crooning laugh; for here was found
 The ecstasy of being free,
 When baby walked.

No angry fortune could have frowned
Upon an effort so renowned
 As blushing baby made, while we—
 We arched our necks or kneeled to see
The happy floor; 'twas tender ground
 When baby walked.

HER ROYAL ROBES.

Snug winter raps at sundry panes,
And cries, "What ho! the autumn wanes;
 Look to your fires, the days begin
 When all my piping troop shall win
Dominion o'er your lakes and lanes!"

And lo! how pale the winsome plains
At tinkling of those icy chains,
 As with her faint and frosty din,
 Snug winter raps.

Yet deep within her fair domains,
I know a roguish rival reigns,
 Indeed, such homage ne'er hath been
 As sweet Nerilla's blushes win
When'er she wears among her swains—
 Snug winter wraps!

IN SECRET HOURS.

In secret hours, what sweet guitar
Rings out beneath the evening star,
 What confidences mute and meet,
 And coy caresses less discreet,
What voices at the window bar!

No tongue to tell nor mirth to mar—
Heigh-o! to hold your Avatar
 In collocations low and sweet
 In secret hours!

Though master Cupid calls afar
And holds his golden gates ajar,
 I'm sure the lad's a laughing cheat,
 He has no raptures more complete
Nor cozier, dear Jane, than are
 In secret ours!

RETRIBUTION.

“Oh, just a Count,” her lips declare,
With meek rebuke and languid air:
 ’Tis just a Count whose sweet concessions
 Have battered all my fair confessions
And sent me tramping with despair!

Who now, instead of me, shall share—
A trifle, yea, ’tis so, I swear!
 Her fickle heart and firm possessions,
 Oh, just a Count!

My very Muse, so wont to spare
My faults and whims, my lightest care,
 From her neglect, in anger, freshens,
 Upbraids me for my past transgressions
And cries in numbers full and fair
 Oh, just account!”

SOME OTHER NIGHT.

Some other night, you say, shall find
Your hand, your heart, your lips more kind,
 Shall see your eyes—deep pools of splendor—
 Afire with lights more mild and tender,
Your voice and ear to love inclined.

And hence you bid me: “Be resigned,
Keep courage in your heart enshrined,
 And wait, or prove a vain pretender
 Some other night.”

Ah, yes, my love has long been blind;
It wakes tonight, no more malign—
 It wakes and bids my feet surrender
 To other feet upon this fender:
Alas, 'tis plain you have in mind
 Some other knight!

IN KILTS AND PINAFORES

TO A LAD.

(With a Riding Whip.)

Now, my little lad, to horse!
Take your leave, and try your course,
Clad in armor and bedight
Like to any feudal knight,
With a broom to pierce your man
And for shield a patty-pan!

Ply your lash and dash away
To the pleasant lands of play,
Where the mounted soldiers prance
Down the turnpike, sword and lance,
And the princesses and peers
Shake the palace walls with cheers.

Fare you fast, my lad, and go
Where the giant bean-stalks grow,
And the paper lanterns toss
Up and down the roads you cross,
Where the blunder-busses crack
And banditti bar you track.

When at length you tire of this
And are fain for sister's kiss,
When no more you wish to roam,
Turn your horse and hasten home—
There to tie your swords and things
To your mamma's apron strings!

BITS-O'-AUNTIE.

I leave my toys tonight and fare
Across the wall and through the square,
Among the maples and around
The cottage in the garden ground,
Where Bits-o'-Auntie, sweet and still,
Will hail me from the window sill.

At times she waits me where at ease
She dips the music from the keys,
Bemuses me with airy grace
And fills with glory all the place;—
She makes me happy through and through,
Heigh-o for tiny Auntie Sue!

O Bits-o'-Auntie, with the glow
Of youth upon you, do you know
That you are dearer far to me
Than grander folk could ever be,
Are dearer, yes, and sweeter far
Than Princesses and Pages are!

I love you, Auntie, when you sing,
Or sow the pansies in the spring;
I love the touch of your caress,
Your laughter and your girlishness.
Your skirts that rustle as you go
Along the shaded portico!

Tonight I miss you at the pane
And follow after you in vain;
I wander on from room to room
And through the garden in the gloom;
I brush the flowers, wet with dew,
But Bits-o'-Auntie, where are you?

Oh, should I now or ever fail
To hear you, Auntie, when you hail,
I'm sure that I should—Yes, indeed!
Should chase and pound you as you need,
You cruel, oh, you cunning fox,
Behind the shaken hollyhocks!



WENA AND I.

Wena and I, on a summer's night,
Each in a gossamer shroud,
Went sailing the crystal rivers of light,
All on a lavender cloud.

All on a lavender cloud went we,
Singing a sailor's tune,
As we climbed the crests of the misty sea
That swam to the shoreless moon.

And up we went through the frightened stars,
With our hopes and hearts elate,
And the loud, "Ahoy!" from the startled tars
Calling our cloud to wait.

To wait, they called, and to wait, in vain;
For the night winds crooned our song,
As they tugged our sails through a starry lane,
Speeding us, all night long.

And all night long I stood at the stern
With the helm in my right hand—
Heigh-o! for the glad young hearts that yearn,
And the songs of a moonlit land.

For Wena at rest in the bolstered bow
Sang low to her faint guitar;
"O moon, how merry your face and how
Much better than earth you are."

So over the tumbling drift we sped,
And down the horizon's verge,
Where the milky way is the watershed
And the mists and the moonbeams merge.

But into the lake where lies no mist
In a flurry of foam, flew we,
Where the moon hung low in the gulf—O, list!—
In the gulf of the pale, gilt sea.

And we tangled our hands in the twinkling foam
As over the waves we leaned,
While low—yo-ho!—to the leeward comb
Our lavender cloud careened.

Then straight and away to the moon's red rim,
On the swirl of that pale gilt sea—
Aye, straight and away, while our eyes grew dim
And the lights burned low on the lee.

But the face of the moon was a dark, dark face,
Though the noonday sun shone there,
And the man in the moon—we found no trace
Of his smile or his tangled hair.

So baffled at sight of the fields of gray—
Baffled and broken and sad—
We sat ourselves down at the turn of the way
A lorn little lady and lad.

“Oh, it’s plain that the moon has a mask,” said I,
“For no light of her own sheds she;
And the man in the moon must be scouring the sky
With the top of a tamarack tree.”

But Wena looked once on the eye of the sun,
And cried through her sorrowful frown:
“Oh, where are our people, and what have we done?
Pray, let us set sail and go down.”

So back on our lavender cloud we sped,
Sorrowing, Wena and I,
And the cloud ran wet with the tears that we shed,
Sailing down out of the sky.

But Wena sang up to the moon from afar
(We were sailing by Saucytown Isle):
“O moon, what a double-faced fairy you are,
All dressed in your second-hand smile!”

DOWN IN FAIRY DELL.

Little Dottie Dimplechin, wait a bit and tell
All the pretty tales you heard down in Fairy Dell,
All the little whisperings and the trilling words
Gargled in the cricket's throat and the meadowbird's.

Tell us how the little birds know the days to sing,
Know the frosty winter days from the days of spring;
How the leaves of summertime, when the summer's old,
Turn from deepest green, my dear, to crimson and to
gold.

Tell us how the angels come, tripping through the blue
To tip their tiny dippers up, brimming full of dew,
And how the dewy showers look, twinkling from the
skies,
When a body takes them in through a fairy's eyes.

Tell us Dotty, did you see in your fairy grot
All the eerie little caves that the imps have got,
All the homes the bats have found and the naughty
motes
That lodge at night in people's eyes and tickle people's
throats.

Did you see the spinning shop where the spider sits,
And weaves his gauzy web about, and knits and knits
 and knits,
See him wink his wicked eyes and lick his fuzzy jaws,
All because a butterfly was coming toward his claws.

What a host of pretty sights must have met your eyes
When you dwelt in Fairy Dell under starry skies;
What delightful symphonies must have filled your ear
When you lay awake at night and listened, Dotty dear!



OUT IN GRAN'MA'S GARDEN.

Out in gran'ma's garden, where the roses are, an' where
The hummin'-birds are hummin' an' the bees are in
the air,

I chase the golden orioles an' shake the trellised vines,
An' holler at the butcher birds among the prickly pines,
Where hosts of 'em are campin' out an' 'ist a-slayin'
things

An' hangin' 'em to lightnin'-rods an' forked sticks an'
strings;

An' gran'ma says they're wicked birds 'at makes her
feelin's ache—

But onct they scared a chicken hawk an' onct they
slayed a snake!

Out in gran'ma's garden, when the birds begin to
stir

An' other folks are still in bed, I go along with her,
An' tote the lumps o' tinsel an' the little basket too,
An' tells her when her dress is gettin' draggled in the
dew;

And all around the flower beds I hear the scissors snip,
An' ketch a whoppin' blossom or a tiny little slip;
An' some are for the speakers in the graduatin' class,
An' some are for the sad at heart an' 'em 'at didn't
pass!

Out in gran'ma's garden once, when little Elsie died,
My gran'ma made a cross o' white an' trailin' wreaths
 beside,
An' teacher laid 'em on the desk where Elsie used to sit,
'Cos now her feet had flown so far she'd not come back
 to it;
An' 'en we marched, at two o'clock, to Elsie's on the
 hill,
An' all the rooms were filled with flow'rs an' all the
 folks were still,
But somewhere there was music mixed with low an'
 sobbin' cries—
An' chokers crowded in my th'oat, an' tears in teacher's
 eyes.

Out in gran'ma's garden, it's so curious to know
The things 'at people likes the best an' why they likes
 'em so;
'Cos all the growd-up boys an' girls 'at rides an' dances
 lots,
They likes the reddest roses an' the don't-forget-me-
 nots;
An' folks 'at's goin' to wed their friends or goin' to
 Easter day,
They likes the fragrant lilies or the bloomin' aster
 spray—
An' widders always likes the white an' never likes the
 red,
'Cos some's to deck the livin' with an' some's to crown
 the dead.

MY PA'S A POPULIST.

My pa's a populist, an' he
'Ist votes fer silver an' ever'thing free,
So's 't after election all the men
'At's pore, 'll live in the White House then;
An' bankers an' folks 'at's rich before
'Ll bust wide open an' all git pore!

An' pa' 'ist hollers fer President Bryan,
'Cos he's the feller 'at's always a-tryin'
To he'p the farmer 'at tills the soil,
An' talks an' talks fer the sons o' toil.
An' onct he went up an' shooked his fist'
At the irrun heel o' the capitalist!

An' pa says oh! it's a-goin' to be
A hard ol' fight fer you an' fer me,
'Cos all the 'Publicans they're such hogs
They're drivin' the country clear to the dogs;
An' likely as not 'fore spring gits 'round,
They'll sell it to France fer a dumpin' ground!

It's a serious kind of a time, fer shore,
An' purt' nigh bad's the civil war:
But I guess 'at the work my pa's been doin'
'Ll save this Nation f'om wreck an' ruin—
'Cos ma she laughs as she winks her eye,
An' says she'll wait till the clouds roll by!

THEM PROFS OF YOURN.

Hello mister! how-d'y do?
Guess you'll laugh when I tell you
'At I know som' gr'a' big men
Keepin' school where you hav' been—
One is Clark, an' tother's West,
Guess I like the fat one best,
'Cos he tells such funny things
An' laughs an' laughs until it brings
Gr'a' big tear-drops in his eyes—
'N 'en he stops an' never cries—
Tell you what, 'twas awful queer
When them profs of yourn was here!

When they com' to Kinn'kinnic
They was all drest up as slick
As our little baby looked
When she had her picture tooked;
But you bet, sir, after while
They 'ist peeled off all their style,
'Cos they com' to ketch som' trout
Where folks won't hav' dudes about,
Hangin' round behind their mill,
Diggin' worms where they th'ow swill;
Jinks! but folks all tho't 'twas queer
When them profs of yourn was here!

But 'twas funn'est thing of all
'Ist to see ol' Clarky fall
When he climbed a popple tree
'Ist to get som' grapes; an' he
Didn't laugh no more, you bet!
But his face 'ist leaked 'ith sweat
Try'n' to keep the swear words in
When ol' West, 'ith gr'a' big grin,
Picked his hat up out the dirt
An' then told him: "Was he hurt?"—
Clarky 'ist looked kind of mad
An' said: "Guess them grapes is bad!"
Say! but things all turned out queer
When them profs of yourn was here!

'N 'en when they went home bime-by
Our hard-man laughed like he'd die,
'Cos they 'ist had two small fish,
Awful small, an' I 'ist wish
'At you'd seen their gr'a' big box
Plum chock full of ice in blocks,
'Ith them teenty things inside:—
'N 'en when they drove off I tried
'Ist to see about how far
I could tell which ones they are;—
But I could'n' tell—try my best;
Which was hard-man Clark or West;
But things don't seem half so queer
Since them profs of yourn was here!

MY POPPY'S GONE.

My poppy's don

To Oregon

To see the 'cific ocean;—

An' he tised my hair an' tised my cheek,

An' tised ma, too, an' 'ist last week

In a letter he tised us bofe, an' tellt—

Oh! strangest things 'at ever was felt,

'Cept way in the land o' Goshen!

An' half way there

The fields are bare,

Wiv 'ist but sand an' thistles,

An' then they's grea' big pines 'at sigh

When the storm tums up an' the clouds run by;

An' the air's 'ist good for poppy's cough—

But oh! I should fink his hat would blow off

When the wind 'ist whirs an' whistles!

But ever so soon

As it's first of June,

An' poppy's dot weller an' stronger,

He'll tum straight home an' 'ist bring me

A drest-up doll, wiv a hat; an' he

Says he'll bring ma 'ist a big fool doll

'At's dot a mustache an' beard an' all

An' tant stay away any longer!

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